

Child of Night

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Summary: A young mother Night Fury out searching for food, stumbles upon something truly strange. A human hatchling. Unable to leave him, she takes him home. She knew this would change her life, she never dreamed it would change life as she knew it.

1. Chapter 1

In celebration of the recently released "Gift of the Night Fury" (Which was one the most adorable things I've seen in my life) I'm posting this! I've been working on it for awhile, and the first few chapters are done. Hopefully that will help me keep up with it. I know there are already "Hiccup is raised by dragons" stories out there, but I'm hoping this one will be a little different. I haven't really _read _any of them anyway, I didn't want to accidentally copy anything.

I hope you enjoy, R&R please!

Disclaimer: I own nothing but the plot of this particular fic, and a few OCs.

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><p>Umbra sighed tiredly as she flew over the sea looking for fish to feed her hatchling. It was a rare occasion indeed that she could nourish him properly. The wretched beast that dare call herself queen always took the best of whatever her subjects caught, leaving nothing but the barest of scraps for them. It made her blood boil to think that such a gluttonous** animal was leader, but what could she do? She was only one Night Fury, and while her breed was a mighty one she was not foolish enough to think that she could defeat the queen alone.

She had tried to rouse her fellow dragons to action, but they were all too afraid. Even the Monstrous Nightmares! They all were just as

tired of those horrible raids the queen made them go on every month. They could have brought her fish, seals, even a** whale** if enough carried it. But no, not good enough! She had to have stolen meat from a people whose only crime was to settle too close to her territory's border for her comfort. Innocent blood spilled on both sides over sheep. Sickening. Her fellow dragons did agree that what they were being forced to do was wrong.

But apparently fear outweighs guilt.

So all she could do for now was survive, and sneak out whenever she could to find extra food for her child. Speaking of which...

SPLASH!

Ah, a perfect catch! This would keep her child's belly full for a few days! That at least lifted her spirit. She turned and headed back toward home. She made sure to keep low so no one would see her with the sizable catch.

As she came nearer to the island's shore line, her ears perked up at an odd squeaky wail. Her first thought was that seals had invaded the island's beaches again, but as she focused on it she quickly realized that seals did not make that peculiar sound. Curiosity peaked, she veered towards the sound to investigate.

Landing softly on the beach, she sniffed the air, and scanned the area. She didn't notice anything amiss... Until her eyes fell on a strangely shaped stone. At least that's what she thought it was, but then she realized that the odd sound was coming_ from_ the stone. Stones did not wail.

Warily, she walked over to it. It did not move to attack, so she poked it lightly with her tail. It squirmed. This was definitely no stone. It was much too... Squishy. She had felt something like this once before, long ago when she was still free. When she had snuck into a human village, she had stumbled upon this substance. She believed it was called 'cloth', they used it to make up for their lack of fur, and often wrapped their...

A terrible thought hit her. She prayed she was wrong but she had to see. She gently used one of her claws to open the cloth little by little. Finally she lifted the last fold, and gasped.

"Oh my..."

In the pile of cloth before her, lay a tiny hatchling. A _human_ hatchling.

"How did you get here?" she wondered out loud. She leaned down to sniff it, and discovered that it was male. He looked up at her with a pair of lovely emerald eyes, giggled, and started to grab at her snout. She smiled warmly at him; no matter what species they came from hatchlings were adorable. She sniffed him again, trying to deduce where he had come from. She could just pick up the faint smell that reminded her of a northern forest, but that scent had been beaten down by another: The ocean, nearly being drowned in it.

This baffled her. What would a human - especially an infant one - be

doing out in the ocean? She scanned the horizon for any sign of those strange hollowed out logs ('Boats'?) humans would sometimes travel in. But she saw no sign of one. Surely, had there been a wreck there would be debris floating about too. But there was none... What could this mean?

Could it be that this hatchling had been... Abandoned? The very notion made her blood cold, but she could see no other answer. This lead to a new question though: why? Why had this hatchling been discarded? There was nothing wrong with him that she could detect. Did his mother simply not want a child? Had she been so cowardly as to just toss her own offspring into the sea, rather than take the responsibility? What a revolting creature.

But perhaps that wasn't entirely the case. Perhaps the female was mad, she had seen it before. Not long after her enslavement she had seen a female Zipple Back tossing her own eggs over a cliff. The poor female was sobbing hysterically that she wouldn't let The Queen have them. When the last egg hit the water the female collapsed and wailed in her grief stricken madness. The Queen had eaten her the very next day.

So it was possible that this hatchling's mother had lost her sanity, for whatever reason.

But the reasons really didn't matter much, they all had the same end. The hatchling was clearly only a few days old, he certainly couldn't fend for himself... He would die. That couldn't be allowed to happen. She supposed that she should take him to a human village, they would know what to do with him. But she knew some human cultures didn't treat orphans with much kindness. What if she ended up dropping him into a life of hunger and beatings? That was hardly acceptable.

Perhaps... she could adopt him then? The idea nearly made her question her own sanity. She knew very little if anything about how humans raised their young. But the hatchling was alone, and she felt so much compassion for him... But what if-

The hatchling suddenly giggled and grabbed for her ears.

Oh he was adorable! That was it, her mind was set. Being abandoned twice would surely damage him anyway, even if he was very young.

Since she already had to carry a fish in her mouth, she carefully cradled him in her front paws. It would be an awkward flight, but it was the most logical way. She crouched down, spread her wings and took off. She had expected the hatchling to start crying from the movement, but he simply curled into her, radiating contentment.

If that wasn't a sign from the gods, nothing was.

Now all she had to worry about was whether her blood hatchling would accept this.

2. Chapter 2

Oh my goodness, 22 reviews... That's more than a first chapter to any

of my other stories has ever gotten. Thank you guys! For the alerts and faves too! I wish I could hug you all, but I can't. So I'm sending Toothless and Hiccup to do it! /gust of wind and wing flapping is heard/

Anyway, two heads up; One: Toothless and Hiccup will not be going by those names in this story. I don't think a Night Fury would name their kid "Toothless", and "Hiccup" doesn't seem any more likely. Unless he gets a really bad case of them. Two: This chapter contains a little Russian, I know that may seem strange when the nearby humans are vikings, but it will be explained later. I'm not sure if the Russian characters will be excepted by the site, so let me know if they seem to be missing and I'll try to fix it.

Translations:

$\mathbb{D}\alpha\mathbb{D}^{3/4}\mathbb{D}^1 \quad \hat{N}\in\mathbb{D}\mu\mathbb{D}\pm\mathbb{D}\mu\mathbb{D}^{1/2}\mathbb{D}^{3/4}\mathbb{D}^0 - \text{My baby}.$

$$\mathbb{D}^{\frac{1}{4}}\mathbb{D}^{\frac{3}{4}}\mathbb{D}, \quad \mathbb{D}^{\frac{1}{4}}\mathbb{D}^{\circ}\mathbb{D} \gg \mathbb{D}\mu\mathbb{D}^{\frac{1}{2}}\tilde{\mathbb{N}}\mathbb{E}\mathbb{D}^{\circ}\mathbb{D}, \quad \mathbb{D}\mu \quad \tilde{\mathbb{N}}\in\mathbb{D}\mu\mathbb{D}\pm\mathbb{D}\mu\mathbb{D}^{\frac{1}{2}}\mathbb{D}^{\circ}\mathbb{D}^{\circ}- \text{ My little baby.}$$

* * *

><p>Umbra angled herself carefully as she landed in the entrance to the cave she and her son lived in. It wasn't often she landed on her hind legs, it was a difficult process. Thankfully she didn't drop the precious cargo she held in her paws. Placing the fish she had in her mouth on the ground, she said a silent prayer that this would go well.<p>

"Ventus!" she called. "I have brought-"

"Dee°D!D°!" her child happily bounded up to her, though energetic she could see some sleep in his eyes. He must have been napping. Surprisingly he did not notice the fish, instead going straight for the bundle in her paws.

"What that?" he asked while giving a curious sniff.

"Ah, this is something very special, $\mathbb{D}^3/\mathbb{D}^1 \cong \mathbb{D}^1/\mathbb{D}^0$," she placed the infant on the ground so her son could see. "This is a hatchling, like you."

"Hatchling?" he looked the human child over, eyes wide and inquisitive. It wasn't too long before his expression became confused. "But, no wings... No tail!"

"Well, he isn't a dragon hatchling Ventus. He is human."

"_Hyumun?" a touch of fear crossed his face. While she hadn't taught him to hate humans, she did teach him caution as they could be unpredictable. Obviously it seemed odd to him that she just brought one home with her. "Why bring here?"

"Because I had found him alone on the shore, and could not just leave him there. He would..." She paused. "...Get very sick."

"Why alone?" Her son asked as he began to sniff the infant again.
"Where his DeD°D¼D°?"

"She... Was not there." she sighed, knowing there was no gentle way of explaining. "He was abandoned."

"_Uh-bahn-dund?_"

"_Abandoned._" she corrected. "It is when you leave something, and never come back for it."

Ventus's eyes became as wide as moons, utterly horrified at the concept. "But... That so mean!" He stomped his front right paw, growing angry. "Mean nasty ÐæÐ°Ð¼Ð°!"

"Yes," she nodded. "What she did was very bad. Which is why I have decided to adopt him." He looked up her, and sensing his question before he asked, she continued: "Which means he'll be part of our family. I'll be his new ÐæÐ°Ð¼Ð°, and you will be his new big brother."

He stared at her, absorbing it all. He looked back down at the human hatchling. "I... Big brother?"

"That's right." fearing he was upset, she tried to be comforting. "ÐæÐ¼Ð¹ ÑÐµÐµÐ±ÐµÐ¼Ð½Ð¼Ð°, I know this is sudden but--"

"HOORAY!" He cut her off, bounding around gleefully. "I big Brother! I big Brother!"

She watched her dancing son with a mixture of surprise, relief, and amusement. _'Well, that certainly went better than expected.'_ Her smile became wide as her oldest son bounded back to her youngest. He began to nuzzle him.

"Hello!" Ventus chimed, smiling joyfully. "I new big brother!" He pulled his face away, and the human child stared at him in the infant equivalent of amazement. "My name Ventus! I best big brother you ever have!"

"I'm sure you will be," Umbra laughed. She couldn't help it, all her oldest son's talk must have been nothing but babble to her youngest. But the infant seemed completely enraptured all the same. Her oldest smiled widely, then asked:

"What his name?"

"It's-" she stopped. What _was_ his name? Did he have one? _'Oh, Ð¼Ð¼Ð, Ð¼Ð°Ð»ÐµÐ¼ÑÐ°Ð, Ðµ ÑÐµÐµÐ±ÐµÐ¼Ð½Ð°Ð°,'_ she thought gazing down at the now littlest of her two sons. _'I do wish you could speak, then we would know your name...'_ But then, did it truly mater? If he did already have a name, then it was probably given to him by the female who had birthed him. Why force him to bare a mark left on him by a _no-longer-his-mother_ who was either completely evil or mentally unstable? He was now being given a new life, he should receive a new-_better_ name as well.

But what should it be? She looked over his features carefully. His russet colored hair reminded her of the wood she had seen in the trees of many lands, his eye color was like leaves in the summer, when they were at their greenest. And of course, there was his scent, growing stronger as he dried. It was most certainly that of northern woods in the spring, full of life yet very calm. _'Ah,'_ she smiled.

'That will be your name then.'

She cast her eyes back at her eldest, who was gazing at her curiously.

"Saltus, your little brother's name is Saltus."

3. Chapter 3

Hey people, here we are, chapter three! The beginning of Saltus' child- uh, _hatchling-hood ;) Now, before you start reading I'd like make a note: Saltus' hatchling-hood will last about three (and a half) chapters, counting this one. After that we'll get to the real meat of the story. I just wanted to show what it would be like for him, and a little of dragon history and culture. It didn't seem entirely right to jump from finding him on the beach to "Oh look how big he's gotten!" y'know? Anyway. enough of my chatter!

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Years 1 - 4<p>

The first few days after the adoption of Saltus had been quiteâ€| educational. Umbra had known from the start that human hatchlings were different from dragon hatchlings, she just hadn't stopped to consider _how_different they were. Looking back, perhaps she had been a bit naÃ-ve. Admittedly the decision had been hasty, considering she knew next to nothing about human hatchlings and complications were quick to show themselves. Did she regret her decision? Not one bit.

It _did _take some getting used to though. The first 'issue' to reveal itself had been the fact that human hatchlings couldn't control where theyâ€| Ahâ€| _Relieved _themselves. Dragon hatchlings were at least crawling within the first few hours of hatching, so it never took too long to train them to use certain areas of the cave. But human hatchlings simply went wherever and whenever the need arose. This had led to several interesting messes and incidents.

She remembered seeing human females carrying their hatchlings with them everywhere. At the time she didn't pay much mind to it, but now felt much respect for them. Imagine if one those 'incidents' occurred in the middle of food gathering, or while speaking to an elder!

Those poor females.

The next 'issue' that came up was decidedly not as messy. She needed to feed the hatchling, and regurgitated fish despite their softness simply were to much for his underdeveloped stomach. She had guessed that, anyway. He refused to even open his mouth for it. Her eldest son Ventus had tried to help, gobbling down his portion and telling his younger brother how tasty and good it was. Unfortunately Saltus refused to see his argument.

She knew humans were mammals, and mammals fed on their mothers milk in their infancy. This presented a problem, as she was quite

reptilian and lacked lactation. So with a quick explanation to Ventus that his little brother couldn't eat fish or meat, she left the cave for a speedy 'hunt' on a neighboring island. She didn't dare steel one of the humans sheep; though the thought had occurred to her. Instead she hunted on an island with no population other than animals.

There were many mammals on the island, but she had one specific type in mind. A wolf. She knew a predator would seem like an odd choice, but in her travels she once heard a legend of two human brothers who had been suckled by a she-wolf. It had happened once, why not again? Besides, deer were far too skittish. She had spent a good few hours searching, as she had to be sure the she-wolf was of milk giving age. Not having any current litters would be a definite blessing as well.

Finally the Great Celestial smiled on her efforts, and she found the perfect candidate. She could tell by the she-wolf's scent that she was still producing milk. Oddly though, she also seemed to have an air of mourning around her. Umbra could only guess that she had lost a litter recently. She felt pity for the beast, and hoped that perhaps by giving milk to her hatchling the she-wolf would gain some peace.

Of course when she swooped down and plucked her off the ground, the she-wolf raised quite a fuss. Understandable, as far as the animal knew she was about to be the dinner of a higher being. So in order to calm the thrashing beast, Umbra tried to exude as much peaceful energy as possible. In a little time, the she-wolf relaxed.

Upon arriving back at the cave, Umbra was greeted by quite the sight: Ventus with clumps of fish in his claws, and Saltus nearly covered head to foot in it. Apparently, her eldest misunderstood what she had meant by 'couldn't eat', and tried to teach his younger brother how he was supposed to do it. As she placed the she-wolf down Ventus bounced up to her and began to tell her what a good teacher he was, and that the lesson went _really really well! _

She sighed, and padded over to Saltus to get a clearer look at the mess. Oh my, somehow fish had even managed to get caught in his _hair_! She settled down on the floor, told Ventus to clean his paws, and began to gently wash Saltus. After a few moments of licking, it occurred to her that she had forgotten the she-wolf, and when she glanced up to see if she was still there was shocked to see that not only was the mammal still there, she was watching them with a light in her eyes that only could be described as _amusement._

When she had finished washing her youngest her ears picked up on the slight rumbling in his belly. She glanced at the she-wolf, if only there was some way to communicate! How could she get her to allow Saltus to drink her milk?

Her internal question was answered when the she-wolf almost seemed to nod to her, padded over to Saltus, laid down, and began to gently push him towards her belly. At first the hatchling resisted, but then sensed warmth and possibly smelt the milk, and began to suckle greedily. Needless to say, Umbra was dumbstruck.

Xx(Year two)xX

Saltus was learning to speak quite nicely. At least, Umbra thought so. Of course his first word had been 'Mama', 'Ventus' had been next, and 'Yeva' had been soon to follow. ('Yeva' being the name she'd given the she-wolf, for the life milk she gave her son.) He even started to form rudimentary sentences. She had been rather surprised how easily the dragonic tongue was coming to him. But perhaps she should not have been, hatchlings did learn from observing. For some strange reason though, he seemed particularly fond of the word 'why'.

He had begun crawling as well. Which was good, soon they could put an end to the 'natural functions' issue. But then on the other paw, it also presented a whole new 'issue'. Saltus had an inquisitive nature, apparently, and loved to explore anywhere his little paws could take him. Including straight to the entrance of their home, which was a good seven wing-flaps from the ground. Fortunately either herself or Yeva always caught him in time. Even when she had to hunt or go on those wretched raids, she could trust that her hatchlings were safe. Yeva had turned out to be quite a good nanny. Many times she returned to find Yeva keening to them some lupine song, and they were usually trying to mimic her.

She had never really thought of wolves anything other than animals, predators only slightly more intelligent than their prey. This proved her wrong, and she came to realize that that was probably how humans viewed her kind, but were just as wrong as she was about the wolves. Funny thing.

Xx(Year Three)xX

Umbra was beginning to grow concerned. Saltus had reached his third year, and still he was crawling. She supposed it was because he was constantly around four legged beings, having no other example to follow he simply imitated what he saw. But she knew humans walked on two legs, and while she didn't know for certain when they began walking, she could guess that if he continued crawling it could do damage to his limbs or spine.

So she tried to coax him into standing as a human would, using her tail to keep him straight. At first he'd been a little resistant, but as his body began to recognize it's natural position he became more cooperative; even eager. He tried walking on his own and fell many times, Ventus often reacted more dramatically to the tumbles than Saltus himself. Yeva would allow him to grab her fur to balance himself, but other than that he actually began to refuse help. He seemed to want to conquer this on his own. And he did.

Slowly but surely his legs gained the necessary strength and control, and he walked on his own. He was still wobbly for a few days, but he was walking. You could practically feel the innocent pride just beaming off of him. It brought her great joy. Unfortunately, with the advent of walking came the discovery of running.

Great Celestial, have mercy.

Xx(Year Four)xX

Umbra was very happy with how well her secret adoption of Saltus had been going, four years and no one suspected anything. While she felt

most of her kind wouldn't react too badly to her human son, she knew there would be those who would be none to pleased with a human so close by. But they didn't really cause her any concern. She could easily defeat an average dragon. Now if the queen were to ever find out, _that _was a thought that chilled her.

"Umbra!" a voice suddenly called from outside. That was odd, she knew the moon was still high. Most would be asleep right nowâ€¦

She went to the caves entrance, and found the one calling was Gamble. A Monstrous Nightmare and one of the queen's highest guards. Also a close personal friend.

"Yes?" she asked. "What is it?"

"The Queen has summoned you."

"What?" What reason would the queen have to call for her? Could she have learned ofâ€¦ No! Great Celestial don't let it be that. She tried not to let her trepidation show. "Why? I have done no wrong."

"She would not say." He sighed solemnly. "Only that she needed to speak with you. Now."

"Can it not wait until morning?"

He shook his head.

"Very well," she sighed. With a quick silent prayer she cast what she hoped was a subtle glance into the cave, jumped into the air and headed for the queen's chamber.

She didn't know it, but Gamble _had _noticed her fear, and the way she glanced back into her cave. He wondered if Umbra knew more about why she had been summoned than she let on. He took a sniff of the air; and was shocked to discover a distinctly _human _scent. Though he did not like to snoop into other dragon's business, especially uninvited, he could not help himself. He had been worried about her increasingly secretive behavior.

He quietly stepped into the cave, looking for the source of the scent. And when he found it, he nearly collapsed. There curled up with a dragon hatchling, was a _human _child. When had Umbra acquired it? _How _had she? He truly hoped she had not kidnapped it from the human village they raided, if other dragons followed this example, the humans retaliation would be unspeakable.

This had to be the reason the queen had summoned her, there was no doubt. He feared for Umbra, and her hatchling, even the human child. The queen was unforgiving, and her judgment swift, if she was angeredâ€¦

"Oh, Umbraâ€¦" He whispered to the shadows. "You have doomed yourself."

XxXxX

Umbra steeled herself as the entrance to the queen's chamber came into view, molten orange light and heat poring out of it. It might be

considered odd by others species, but Umbra never liked going in there. In fact, most dragons didn't. Yes, dragon skin was fire proof, but lave wasn't like fire. It was a€| liquid flame. While fire just rolled around your body, lava would stick to it. Even if it didn't usually bring immediate harm, it caused great agony. Needless to say, being in a molten pit was quite disconcerting.

She landed as softly as possible, trying not to make too much noise. She hoped that perhaps she could gain a little more time to gather her thoughts, and possibly a few good lies.

"**You have finally come Umbra!" **The queen's voice bellowed from the hole. "**Enter! We must speak!" **

Why couldn't the queen have gone deaf in her ancient age?

She stepped into the entrance, and instantly the queen's scent assaulted her: Rotting flesh and brimstone. Umbra fought to control her body's trembling, she would _not _show weakness in front of her. Though she hated to admit it, the queen did exude an aura of absolute power, an unquestionable force that could crush you right out of existence. There was a part of her that was utterly terrified. Especially now that she had so much to lose.

The corridor ended and she stepped into the chamber. The only word that properly described it was _oppressive. _Nothing but magma and hundreds of openings that lead to various areas of the island. It could have been easily compared to a bee hive, except that bee hives tended to be filled with far more pleasant things.

"**Step forward." **the queen ordered. She did so until the queen told her to stop. When she did Umbra found herself uncomfortably close to the edge. And there she waited, for a long time. Impatience began to get the better of her, she peered over the ledge.

"Matri-"

Suddenly a huge mass of lava sprang forth! Little globs of white hot rock rained down around her, but she did not run. No, she had seen this display before. She watched as the lava slid off the gigantic from, slowly revealing the beast underneath. _The queen. _

Six sickly green eyes stared down at her, every one of them shining of the vile mind underneath. The stare made her feel as though slime had been pored on her.

She gave a low bow. "Matriarch," the bile started rising.

"**Umbra," **The queen nodded. "**Tell me, do you have any idea why I summoned you?" **

"No, Matriarch."

"**Oh, I think you do." **She lowered her head to Umbra's eye level. "**You've been keeping secrets, little Night Fury." **

Her heart beat picked up. "I don't know what you meana€|"

The queen's eyes narrowed. "**Don't you **_**dare **_**try to play me

as a fool. Your scent is infected with a human's, and not their blood. You've been keeping a human."**

Panic began to set in, she tried to think of an excuse. "Matriarch, there is a perfectly good-"

"**CONTINUE TO SHOW THIS INSOLENCES AND I WILL DEVOUR YOU! I AM NO IDIOT UMBRA! Nothing, **_**nothing, **_**happens on this island without me knowing about it. Now, the truth!"**

Umbra hung her head in defeat, she knew there was no point now. "Yes, I have adopted a human hatchling."

"**And where did you acquire it? During a raid?" **

"No! I would never kidnap! I found him on our beaches."

"**On our island?" **The queen was visibly taken aback. **"Were there others?" **

"No, he was alone. There were no signs of a wreck either."

The queen seemed to ponder a moment. **"Strange. If it were not for the fact that they cannot find our island, I would think he was intended as a sacrifice." **

Umbra found that thought downright horrifying. Surely humans didn't do that anymore. But perhaps if they became too desperateâ€¦ She shivered.

"**In any case," **The queen's voice brought her back to the moment. **"It must be decided what is to be done with the hatchling." **

"Please, do not devour him!" Desperation was starting to seep in. "He has been learning our ways so well!"

The queen smiled warmly at her. **"Dear Umbra, I have no intention of harming the hatchling."**

Did she hear that correctly? "Youâ€¦ You don't?"

"**No, in fact I intend for you to keep him."**

To say Umbra was dumbstruck would have been an understatement. She stood there in shocked silence. Not that she wasn't relieved, but as she recomposed her self, she realized that it would be foolish to assume that all this was simply an act of mercy. There had to be something else to it.

"Not to sound ungrateful, Matriarch, but why are you allowing this?"

"**Because, I can see futureâ€¦ Uses, for the boy." **A slight shiver crawled down Umbra's spine. **"And you have already been raising him for four years now, correct? I see no sense in taking him away from you. Now before I dismiss you, I must ask you something."**

"What?"

Have you performed The Blood Giving yet?

"Noâ€¦ I have not. I must admit I am hesitant to do it at all."

You do realize your adoption will not be complete or even recognized until you do?

"Yes, but I am fearful of cutting too deep. Human skin is so easily punctured."

The queen regarded her a moment. ***"I will not order you to do it. But I suggest that you do it before he is socialized. Otherwise, well, he just might play the role of sacrifice after all. You understand?***

"I do, Matriarch."

Good, you may go.

Umbra turned to leave, her head flooding with questions of the future. Though she was glad the queen hadn't demanded his death, she was now fearful of what lie in wait for her youngest child. What uses the queen could possibly have for himâ€¦

***Oh Umbra," **The queen called, stopping her before she fully crossed the threshold. She turned to look at her.

"Yes?"

The queen smirked. ***"Your sons are both horribly off key. Please tell their nanny to instruct them better." **

End
file.